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WHIST.

AN ancient philosopher separated the human race into two grand divisions—the wise (*homo sapiens*) and the foolish (*homo stultus*). Since he flourished his pen, a third section has made its appearance in society, who are neither philosophers nor fools; for they are whist-players. To this class myself and Mrs Duggins have belonged from the second year of our marriage. I must not say how long that was ago, for ever since our eldest girl, Clotilda, left school, Mrs Duggins has conceived an insurmountable aversion for dates; which, however, she manages to do without, by an ingenious expedient: she fixes the epoch of any particular circumstance by the events of the whist-table, often making such appeals to me as these: "You know, my dear, it was the week after I dealt myself the thirteen trumps at Mrs Jones's;" or if my memory be still at fault, it is affectionately jogged with "Gracious, Duggins, how stupid you are! You must remember the night we won twenty-four points running, of Lord Trumpington, at the election-ball. Well, it happened on that very day twelve-month!" She sometimes taxes my powers of recollection even more severely, by referring to the evening when I "trumped her best spade," or the Tuesday week after I "carelessly misdealt twice in one rubber." Yet though cards are her calendar, it must not be supposed that Mrs Duggins's whole energies are expended upon them. Far from it; like the night-flower, she only expands after dark, never allowing her enthusiasm for a favourite game to interfere with the smallest of her daily duties; inasmuch, that she makes our small income go farther—in appearances—than the Thompsons do theirs, which is more than double. The fact is, she would not touch a card by daylight for the world. I shall never forget the thrill of horror that passed over her countenance when, during our recent continental trip, we beheld two French officers playing piquet at breakfast time. "Appalling depravity!" she exclaimed; "no wonder they were beaten at Waterloo!"

I exhibit these traits of my spouse's character, because she offers a fair specimen of her species, which, taken in all its varieties, is extremely extensive; the world of whist being much more densely thronged than many imagine. My excellent partner—who, I ought to mention, had in her younger days a literary turn, our courtship having commenced in the pages of a shilling magazine, now, alas! no more—has, in her leisure moments, devoted much attention to the literature and statistics of the game. Many an instructive chat have we had on the evenings we were disappointed of a couple of guests, and could not get up a rubber; though now that Clotilda is old enough, we never miss a night in winter; for when the worst comes to the worst, Mrs Duggins takes "dummy."

Her plan for getting at the statistics of the matter was to start with this axiom, that every person who has occasion to pay the income-tax is a whist-player; that is to say, he or she at least understands the rudiments of the game, just as a mercantile person is obliged to be conversant with arithmetic; for what the latter is to commercial prosperity, the former, in her opinion, is to the existence of genteel society. But to this sweeping rule she admits exceptions, which mostly consist of individuals who—because, she says, they have been badly educated, or have not brains enough to learn the game—look upon it with a sort of supercilious contempt, a compliment which I feel convinced she returns with interest. When she does deign to argue the point with such sneers, I am bound to say she gets the best of them; for as

they are mostly people who presume to say that our intellects were given us for the attainment of higher objects than proficiency in winning tricks, and who pride themselves on a smattering of science or learning, she extinguishes their presumption by reminding them of Porson, John Hunter, and every one of the proctors of the English universities, who, it is well-known, were and are not only first-rate mathematicians, but "what is more," she triumphantly adds, "excellent whist-players." The other mass of exceptions she treats with respect, and even honours their scruples, because they are conscientious. These people attach a certain degree of immorality to the use of cards; and are sometimes heard to assert that the gaudy pasteboards actually form the library of a certain gentleman who is never directly mentioned in genteel—that is, in whist—society, and but furtively alluded to in moments of excitement, under the name of "the deuce"—of clubs, if I mistake not.

With these exceptions, her income-tax estimate holds good. Every responsible person (except the before-described) with £150 a-year and upwards, *does* play at whist, more or less; that is to say, he either merely "takes a hand to make up the party, but would rather sit out if any one else will volunteer;" or "don't mind playing one rubber or so, just to oblige the hostess;" or else, like Mrs Duggins, considers winter evenings an especial ordination for distributing the four honours, and for friendly struggles for the odd trick. To the lower scales of income, whist is—Mrs Duggins is wont to exclaim with fervency—a blessed resource! A cheaper relaxation does not exist, regard being of course had to the stakes, which may not with propriety exceed threepenny points—"silver threepennies." Demanding, as it does, unclouded intellects, it is a game best enjoyed under the purifying influence of tea, and during its progress, must not be tampered with by anything stronger than home-made wine, or at most negus; which, with a biscuit, obviates the necessity of supper. To whist, therefore, we owe that temperate sort of entertainment so prevalent amongst fashionables of limited income, known as "tea and turn-out." For this, with other reasons, Mrs Duggins considers that the half-pay lists of the army and navy are, in reality, little more than catalogues of inveterate whist-players.

Taking firm root in the extensive community of small annuitants, whist-playing shoots up and branches off into all the higher grades of English society. What, for example, would become of the noble parents and guardians at Almacks but for the card-room? Those highly-bred wall-flowers would inevitably droop and disappear after the third quadrille, taking their lovely tendrils and olive-branches along with them, if they were not transplanted at a proper season to the whist-table. And pray, what refuge is there for that destitute damsel—for that elderly young lady, who has not been once asked to dance, although she came with the earliest arrivals—when ladies were scarce—and has remained unsolicited till two o'clock, when they are too, too, plenty! Is she to pine quite away in neglected solitude! Ah! a pitying first-cousin hands her into the card-room. And that disappointed swain—must he exhibit all the agonies of rejection and despair to the happy public of a crowded assembly! By no means; he stalks to the whist-table, and hides the anguish of his countenance behind a hand of cards.

Neither is our favourite amusement confined to balls either of the higher or the lower circles of society. Snug little parties *carries* often assemble in the most aristocratic drawing-rooms, especially since the example was set by a recent happy and domestic court.

And here Mrs Duggins generally rides off upon one of her especial subjects of vituperation. The game thus patronised by royalty was played—she is most anxious to impress—in all its primitive purity; it was the old original *long* whist, and not the now fashionable *short* whist—that (to quote Mrs Duggins's long string of adjectives), "that new-fangled, abominable, cut-and-thrust, unsatisfactory, rapid, railroad sort of game, which is no better than downright gambling"—a game, she contends, which, though practised in high life, is essentially a vulgar game—a species of "put" (which is played only in tap-rooms) for four persons instead of two; at which the highest card always wins, in obedience to that low maxim, "take the trick as it goes," and which utterly destroys the main charm of the real game—*guessing*.

Such are Mrs Duggins's mild opinions upon "short whist," and with them she seldom fails to drop the thread of her statistics; which, however, she generally takes up again by descending from the throne to the House of Lords. She has ascertained, from various quarters, that the peerage contains some very respectable players; but the House of Commons would have little to boast of in this respect, were it not for the county members, most of whom play an excellent game. The legal profession abounds with whist, but the practice is sometimes too sharp to please my excellent spouse; for although she—in accordance with her lamented friend Mistress Battle—is a strong advocate for "the rigour of the game," yet she objects to the quibbling in which we have detected nearly all our legal friends. Indeed, it so often takes place whilst playing amongst themselves, that the disputed points are occasionally "referred" for arbitration to—we have heard—the benchers of the Temple, who are looked up to as high authorities; though their claims *have* been disputed by the masters in Chancery, and that with some show of justice. In divinity, whist possesses a host of votaries, though we have observed that rectors, and the higher dignitaries, are most in earnest. As to medicine, the country physician who would expect to succeed without a good knowledge of whist, might as well hope to get practice without a diploma. Besides all these people, it may be taken as a general rule, that every parent who has daughters to marry plays at whist; for what are balls and parties without it? and how are the young ladies to be "got off" without balls and parties! Persons afflicted with the gout invariably relieve its pangs with whist. Ladies of a certain age, who have failed in securing partners for life, are continually solacing themselves with partners at whist; commercial travellers invite their customers to dinner and whist, and take their largest orders *after* the wine and between the deals. Whist is played in every club-house; in the ward-room of every ship; at the mess of every regiment; in the tradesman's back-parlour; in the housekeeper's sanctum; in the butler's pantry. "In short," exclaims Mrs Duggins, wound up by her peroration into a fine glow of enthusiasm, "whist is played everywhere and by everybody; that is to say," she adds with more prudence than logic—"comparatively speaking."

Though by dint of inquiry, research, and observation, Mrs Duggins has collected the above statistics, much of her attention has also been directed to the literature of whist. This, she contends, is twofold—a written and an oral literature. Of the first, our library contains a large collection, from the venerable Hoyle down to the modern Major A—; and some of Mrs Duggins's marginal notes upon debateable points are extremely valuable.—The oral literature of whist consists of a series of pungent remarks and pointed jests, which occur as regularly

during every rubber as the king takes the queen. For example, Miss Smith's ace of hearts is trumped by Mr Timbs, whereupon it is inevitably observed, that Miss Smith has lost her heart! and that Mr Timbs is the fortunate possessor thereof; to which a facetious looker-on will most likely add, that "there is many a true word spoken in jest;" whereat the young gentleman is covered with confusion, and the damsel simper. A player, who wins often by a knave, is sure to hear his moral character jestingly impeached by an imputation, that he is fond of "knaveish tricks." Should any one complain of having a long suit of diamonds, they are invariably admonished not to be discontented, "for it is not everybody who can afford a suite of brilliants;" together with a hundred other pleasantries, equally venerable and excellent. Far, however, from entering into the spirit of these jests, Mrs Duggins promptly checks them, because they tend to interrupt the even tenor of the play. Her mode of doing this—ancient as the puns she would suppress—is by reminding the talkers of the etymology of the game, with the exclamation—"Pray, let us be silent; remember, this is whist!" In truth, as Mrs Duggins shies most in another branch of the oral literature of whist, it may be that she is anxious to discourage any rival of her supremacy in her own peculiar department, which consists of those argumentative discussions that have occurred, I do really believe, between every deal since cards were invented. Unfortunately, I, as her most frequent partner, come in for the greatest share of these soundings. They chiefly relate to the extreme impropriety of trumping one's partner's best card—a crime in the penal code of whist equal to larceny; or failing to play your king, being third hand (petit treason)—or not returning one's partner's lead (a misdemeanour)—or ditto, in trumps (the capital offence)—or other delinquencies, the punishment for which is a constant fault-finding "during the pauses of the fight." Should, however, a more adventurous partner impeach my dove-like spouse's play, her powers of argumentation reach the point of eloquence. She is at once logical and fluent; she darts her "conclusion" out of a multitude of "predicates" and "copules," as straight and luminous as a sky-rocket out of a conglomerate entanglement of tortuous phiz-gigs. Take an example. The other evening her learned partner, Dr Proter, ventured to remark, that if she had returned his lead in spades, they would not, in all probability, have lost the odd trick. Mrs Duggins being thus put upon her defence, enters upon it by declaring that the fault was entirely the doctor's. She begs him to remember that she had a sequence in clubs, to "make" all which it was proper for her to lead trumps. "Yes, ma'am; but you did not make them." "Very true, sir," exclaims Mrs Duggins, drawing a long breath for a long explanation; "for as you led off with clubs, I had a right to suppose you had the ace, I having king and queen in my own hand—but you hadn't. Now, if, instead of leading clubs, you had forced out their trumps, my strongest suit would have come in; they would have got the lead with their ace of clubs, and, having nothing else in their hand, must have led diamonds, through your ace, queen; my king winning the trick—I should have then returned their lead with my deuce, and every one of your diamonds would have been tricks—you would have played your best spade, to be taken by their thirteenth trump; and I, still holding the highest card in clubs, should have won the last trick." The doctor, busily dealing all this time, professes himself perfectly convinced, to end the discussion and to begin the new game. I must, however, say this of Mrs Duggins, that, wound up as her whole soul sometimes is upon the event of a game, she seldom loses the equanimity of her sweet temper, or, at least, never appears to do so.

"My dear," she has frequently said to Clotilda, while giving her lectures on whist, "always keep your temper; never let the longest succession of bad cards cost you even a frown. Thus, at the whist-table, you will be taught to bear up against the more serious misfortunes of life. Besides, one consolation attends the direst ill luck; it is an established axiom, that whoever is unfortunate at cards is lucky in matrimony. Another thing it is highly essential that you should keep, which is your countenance. Be your cards ever so good—even if you hold all the four honours—do not allow your features to distort themselves into the smallest indication of pleasure. Though the face is said to be the index of the heart, let it never become the mirror of your hand. This, my love, will teach you to assume that prudent and lady-like demeanour in society, which is so much more estimable than the hoydenish naturalness of those ill-bred girls who are never taught to restrain their feelings. Remember these precepts, Clotilda; they embody the moral philosophy of whist."

"Then, mamma, is there no immoral philosophy connected with whist?" inquires Clotilda.

"Alas! my child, there is," replies Mrs Duggins with a heavy sigh; "and sorry am I that the noblest of games should be so often desecrated by what the vulgar call cheating. But so it is. I won't mention names; but a melancholy instance of this exists in a certain friend of ours, who always claims the honours. It really is distressing to see that otherwise excellent woman—when her partner is announcing so many by cards—to see her, I say, thrust her turbaned head into the centre of the table, to exclaim,

"and two by honours!" Again, how sharply she looks under the pack when it is her deal, to observe if an honour has been cut her; and if not, with what an appearance of unconsciousness does she shuffle over again, demand a fresh cut, and so go on continually till the bottom card is a good one. These are little things, which, like the gourd of bitters in the fairy tale, poison the pleasures of the game, and bring whist and its votaries into discredit and contempt. Then, again, there is Mrs Captain Compton, who invariably insists upon change when she loses, and never!" Here I thought it time to interrupt Mrs Duggins's lecture; for she was unconsciously degenerating into scandal, of which I consider cards a great preventive, and have therefore in some degree imbibed my wife's enthusiasm for whist; for certain I am, from experience, that in country places and small coteries, a harmless rubber often prevents much unprofitable gossip concerning one's neighbours.

Having stated at such length my wife's ideas concerning whist, I think it worth while to add one of my own. Without being so decided an enthusiast as Mrs Duggins, I must say I really enjoy the occasional relaxation of a game at cards; and whist is a relaxation. It is not so intricate as to demand any extraordinary exercise of the mind, nor so tame and unexciting as not to keep the attention and interest alive.

But I hear the doctor's knock; the "board of green cloth" is already spread; Mrs Duggins is unlocking the card-box, and I must leave my reader, that I may "cut in" for a rubber.

NATURAL DECAY OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

To carry out the inevitable decree that "all must die," the Creator has ordained that, besides the casual accidents by which human life may be suddenly arrested, certain agents of slow decay should begin to operate from the time man arrives at maturity, to that when he returns to the dust whence he arose. This slow but never-ceasing process is best exemplified in those individuals who are said to "die of old age;" that is to say, in persons who yield up the breath of life without exhibiting the smallest outward sign of disease or disorganisation. In contemplating a case of this kind, it may be naturally asked, "What is the process by which nature provides for the gradual extinction of life within us, when a constitution naturally sound, which eighty returning suns have found and left in the enjoyment of health, at length approaches its natural close?" The answer is, that nature effects her object by a process of hardening the materials and vessels of the human frame. In childhood, even the bones are softer than in maturity, and are thus by a wise ordination of nature less liable, from their elasticity, to be broken when exposed to accidents during the incautious years of childhood. In maturity they are just of sufficient consistency to obey the impulses of a manly spirit with promptitude and vigour. From that period—during the descent of the hill of life—the hardening process continues, while, however, the caution increases, and a balance of chances against accident is nicely kept up. In old age the bones become crisp and dry, from the continued hardening by which nature effects her allotted work of decay.

It is not alone, however, by the hardening of the bones, neither is it by their immediate deterioration, that life ceases; it is by the hardening of the finest of the apparatus for circulating the blood, to which pliancy is essential. The muscles may and do stiffen, the nerves also lessen in sensibility, with no other bad result than local inconvenience; but the arteries, to perform their functions with proper effect, must be sufficiently pliable to adapt themselves to the varying rapidity and momentum of circulation, which are the necessary consequences of exercise, of mental emotion, or the satisfaction of our appetites. It is plain, therefore, that as these vessels harden, they fulfil their offices less and less efficiently; till one of them, whose functions are of a vital nature, refuses its office, and the workings of the human machine are stopped. This most frequently happens to the finest and most exquisitely organised of our arteries—those of the brain—though it often takes a long course of years for the hardening or ossifying process to reach them. The decaying inroads usually commence in the aorta or large artery issuing from the heart, and in its three earliest branches. As life advances, this ossific process creeps into the most distant branches of the arterial system, and when it arrives at the vessels of the brain, it produces what is called apoplexy; a means of death which is—contrary to popular opinion—the most perfectly natural of all modes of vital decay. How splendid a picture does this present of the unbounded love and tenderness of the Creator towards his creatures! The body must perish, but in the truly normal mode of decay; death is effected by a process which, in one instant, destroys all sensation and all consciousness! Nor is this always a premature mode of departure from the world—in some cases the lamp of life is not suddenly extinguished. It

burns down to the socket, and in the most wonderful manner extinguishes itself. As an illustration of this, Dr Gregory mentions the following case:—"A lady at Bath (a relation of my own), one of a family remarkable for longevity, had reached the age of eighty-nine; weak in body, but in perfect possession of all her faculties. On Monday, February 6, 1843, just six weeks ago, she was sitting on a sofa, talking to an old nurse, who had called to visit her, in the enjoyment of her usual health, when suddenly she bent forward without groan or sigh. From that moment consciousness and sensation ceased. She was bled and leeches, and all the appliances of human skill were ably directed, but she never revived. 'The body,' writes my fair correspondent, 'remains motionless. No food is taken. The sound of breathing alone gives sign of life; the lungs act; the pulse beats; and the body, I am told, is living on itself. For seven long days has this lasted. We feel that our relative has been dead for a week! We have her body, it is true, but it is only her body that remains with us—warm, instead of cold!'"

Such a spectacle is full of interest to all; for it proves that the decay of the frame, and the ultimate extinction of life, are regulated by the same consummate skill as that which presides at the birth, and which moulds into symmetry the growth of the body.

Other modes of death there are, all, like apoplexy, referable to the hardening process. Among these may be mentioned, as the most frequent, palsy, aneurism, angina pectoris, and dropsy. Palsy is only a minor degree of apoplexy. In angina pectoris, the process of decay is slow, and accompanied with severe suffering. The heart itself is slowly being converted into bone. As if to make amends, nature has ordained that the extinction of life should here be instantaneous and painless. The deposit of osseous matter in the interior of the heart, especially about the valves of the aorta, is an exceedingly common mode of natural decay. The immediate effect of it is to prevent that free and equitable distribution of the blood which is essential to health and life, and ultimately to bring on dropsy. Dropsy, therefore, is another of the modes of natural decay.

A second provision of nature for the extinction of life is to extend the hardening process to the organs of respiration. Air being as necessary to man's life as the blood or the nervous influence, is sometimes interrupted in its passage along the vessels for receiving and distributing it through the lungs; but in this mode of decay the structures do not simply harden, but take on certain diseased actions, which set up acute inflammation, producing bronchitis, thus putting an end to existence by shutting the air from access to the lungs. But when nature—generally so indulgent—fails to set up that bronchial inflammation, death is effected by means of exhaustion, the senses remaining entire, and even the breathing vessels to all outward appearance unimpaired; the active cause being fluid effusions from some of them, which hardly affects respiration, but exhausts the system of blood, "till the last drop in the body has been used up." Such are the chief methods of decay which result from the hardening process provided by nature to keep up a continual change in the inhabitants of the earth, by putting a period to individual existence; there are several others, but it would only interest medical readers to point them out.

Considering the universal application of the influences now mentioned, it is remarkable that, on the whole, comparatively few persons die of natural decay, or attain a healthy old age. Unfortunately, nature is seldom left to do her work of destruction unaided by intemperance, undue indulgence of human passion, or by diseases produced in contempt of her commandments. It has been computed that about 400 per 1000 die at an advanced age, but of these only 175 drop from natural decay, the others generally quitting existence in a state of acute disease.

Of the remaining 600 per 1000, death occurs prematurely either at the threshold of life, in the period of youth, or during maturity. At these stages, death most commonly takes the form of a pulmonary ailment known to the world as "consumption," which is "immeasurably at the head of all the fatal diseases which affect the human frame. Scarcely less remarkable than its frequency is the steadiness of the mortality which it occasions, bespeaking, as it undoubtedly does, some peculiarity of cause. There died of consumption throughout England and Wales in 1838, 59,025 persons; in 1839, 59,559 persons; in 1840, 59,923 persons, while the total mortality varied from 342,519 to 359,561. In the metropolis, during the five years from 1838 to 1842 inclusive, the deaths by consumption have been as follows:—7687, 7104, 7236, 7326, 7145; while the total mortality varied from 45,272 to 52,698. No other disease exhibits a uniformity at all approaching to this. Females are the especial victims of consumption. In the three years 1838, 1839, and 1840, there died throughout England and Wales, of this malady, 80,560 males, 90,711 females; that is, 9 females to 8 males. Compared to the total mortality, the average deaths by consumption are 170 per 1000. This is very nearly what we calculated the deaths by old age, debility, and its associated disorders to be; in other words, rather more than 1 out of every 6 deaths that occur in England is imputable to consumption, and one to old age and its consequences; one to premature decay—one to natural decay."

* Lecture delivered at St Thomas's Hospital, 29d March, 1843, by Dr G. Gregory. Published in the Medical Times.

† Dr Gregory.

The following analysis of the tables of mortality for England and Wales shows the proportion of persons who expire from natural decay to those who die from other causes:—

	Per thousand.
Deaths by old age, debility, and its associated disorders,	175
chronic disorganisations of the viscera,	225
the syphilitic diseases,	250
acute diseases of internal origin,	200
consumption, or pulmonary decay,	170
open violence,	30
Total,	1000

The average durability of human life has much increased in modern times, partly in consequence of increased medical knowledge and skill, but chiefly from the improvements which have taken place in social economy. Formerly, the want of drainage and ventilation caused a variety of plagues and infectious diseases, which swept off crowds of human beings day after day, till there were few left for these destructive scourges to expend their force upon. "In the time of the Romans, the expectancy of human life was not more than 25 years. A life was then not worth more than 25 years' purchase. Great changes have since occurred." The Geneva tables show that from 1750 to 1800, the mean duration of life in that town was 34 years and a-half. In 1832 it was 45 years and 29 days. At Paris, among the classes in easy circumstances, the mean duration of life is calculated at 42 years. In England, according to the calculations of Mr Finlayson, it is now 50 years; so that the expectancy of life—the number of years which a child may be expected to attain—is double what it was at the commencement of the Christian era.* Nor will the improved longevity of civilised mankind rest here; for even yet, in the means of preserving the health of the masses, most nations are extremely deficient. In Paris, there are no provisions for the free egress of the refuse of subsistence. Masses of offal are allowed to collect and putrefy in the streets, impregnating the air with a miasma which afflicts human beings with fevers and consumption. Even in London, where drainage is provided for all the chief thoroughfares, there are neighbourhoods in which, from the want of it, human life is hourly sacrificed to fever and its long train of attendant disorders. When such evils shall have been obviated in large cities and towns, human life will be greatly prolonged, and nature will be left to do the work of decay in her own slow and benevolent manner, by the hardening of the organs, and the gradual but painless cessation of their functions.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MITCHELL.

In the month of July last year, we took occasion (No. 544) to notice the frequency of ships burning at sea, from the effect of spontaneous combustion in the hold, instancing, as it will be remembered, the loss of the ship *Georgia* of Newcastle, Captain Mitchell, in the Indian ocean. Our account of that melancholy catastrophe, which was taken from the newspapers of the day, turns out to be far from correct; a main error in the narrative being, that a boat, into which Captain Mitchell and some of his crew had gone, foundered within sight of the burning vessel, and that the captain and his men were no more seen. We have now the pleasure of informing our readers that the boat was not lost; and that Captain Mitchell and his intrepid associates, after encountering many dangers by sea and land, got safely home to England. This agreeable intelligence is communicated to us by a letter from Captain Mitchell, dated Shields, April 16, accompanied with a true narrative of the whole of this distressing affair, which will not be perused without deep interest by our readers.

In the month of January 1842, the barque *Georgia*, of Newcastle, sailed from Calcutta, with a cargo principally consisting of rum, sugar, rice, and jute, with a few bags of seeds. Being the season of the north-east monsoons, we had a fine passage as far as the equator, when the vessel experienced strong breezes from the north-west, with a rough sea; nothing particular, however, occurred until the 1st of March, in about 29 degrees 30 seconds south latitude, and 35 east longitude. We were going along with a fine breeze from the south-east, about nine in the morning, when a seaman was sent to see if there was any leak at a certain part of the vessel; on looking with a light, the air which came through a hole of the partition exploded like gas, and immediately communicated to the hold.† An instant alarm was raised that the ship was on fire; the fore-hatch was immediately removed, and a few bales of jute taken out. A quantity of water was poured in on the fire, which had communicated to the jute, and was spreading rapidly under deck, where we could not get at it. In these circumstances, we cut through the deck in two places, and threw water down, but without quenching the flame, as the smoke became so strong, that we could no longer continue in the hatchway. We therefore resolved, as a last resort, to shut the hatchways and every place that led below deck, in the hope that the fire would go out for want of air. We then proceeded to get the boats out, into which we put water, bread, and

other necessities, and prepared for leaving the ship in case of need. About two P.M. a vessel was discovered astern, and we shortened sail, to allow it to come up to us. At four P.M., the fire apparently keeping under, I hove the ship to, took the long-boat and the gig in, and hoisted the skiff up to the quarter davits, to prevent them being injured during the night. About half-past six the strange vessel came within hail, and proved to be the *Thomas Sparks*, Captain Sparks, from China, with a cargo of tea for London. I told him the state of my ship, and requested him to keep company until daylight. He replied that he would heave to, and desired me to come on board, which I immediately did, taking with me four men, and ordering the mate, so soon as I should get on board the *Thomas Sparks*, to run the *Georgia* under her stern, and heave to under his lee until I should return.

Captain Sparks promised to render me every assistance, and proposed to go ahead under easy sail, so that, should anything occur during the night, I might make a signal, when he would immediately heave to. In about fifteen minutes I left the *Thomas Sparks* to return to the *Georgia*, which was then a little on the bow, when I observed that the former vessel filled her sails and hoisted a light at the mizen-peak. After occupying a much longer time in pulling towards the *Georgia* than I should have done, I began to suspect that my mate must have mistaken the light of the *Thomas Sparks* as a signal for him to follow, under the idea that I intended to remain on board that vessel for some time. I then hailed, and caused the four men to shout with me, and to make as much noise as possible, but without the desired effect; the ship still going the farther from us, although the men pulled as hard as they were able. We kept sight of their lights until ten P.M., when we lost them in the distance. During the night I steered the boat after the ships by the stars and moon, which had now risen. When day dawned upon us, we could discover no vessel, and were left, to all appearance, alone amid the wide waste of waters, in an open boat, without sails, compass, or water. Providentially, we had about a dozen pumpkins, which had been left in the boat to be out of the way. I continued the same course until noon, expecting that when the ships missed the boat at daylight, they would return in search of it, as the wind was favourable. During the forenoon, I made a kind of sail with an old bag, a duck-frock belonging to one of the men, and a cotton shirt, and took an oar for a mast, &c. At noon no ships were visible; and as it was very improbable that our small boat would be seen by any homeward-bound vessel, I thought the only chance we had of saving our lives was by bearing away for the land, which lay to the west-north-west, about 300 miles distant, and which, if the wind continued in our favour, I expected to reach in four or five days. These hopes I held out to the men, and they willingly did all that I desired them. Steering by the wind and sun by day, and the stars by night, the boat went from three to four knots through the waters. I generally steered all night, and rested occasionally in the bottom of the boat during the day. On the third night the wind veered to the east-north-east, but still we were able to continue our course. To increase our speed, I took my shirt, and made another sail of it.

Each day we kept a good look-out, with the hope of seeing any vessel, but none ever came in sight. Thus left on the bosom of the ocean, with no appearance of succour, on the third day, I thought it prudent to confine ourselves to one pumpkin a-day amongst us; using it sparingly, and generally keeping a thin slice in the mouth to allay thirst, and prevent it from becoming excessive. I cannot say that I suffered much from hunger, which might arise in part from anxiety of mind; but, having little clothing, and that chiefly of light cotton, we all suffered very much from cold during the night. One of the men said he saw land, which elevated their spirits at first; but as I did not expect land so soon, I took it for a fog-bank, which it proved to be. Fortunately, during the night the sky kept clear, so that I could guide our course pretty well by the stars. At the end of the fourth night we had shared out our pumpkin, cut the fourth notch in the boat's gunwale to keep our time, and silently invoked the Almighty's protection, when we all observed that the water had changed its colour from deep blue to green; a sign that we were in soundings, and which cheered our spirits, and inspired us with fresh hopes. At two P.M. land was plainly discovered, for which we were very thankful. Three hours afterwards, when about eight miles from the shore, the wind dying away, and a light air coming from the land, we immediately took down our sail and mast, and pulled in, afraid lest we should be driven out to sea. About ten we got under the land, which was a high bluff point, not unlike the Ramhead off Plymouth; but the surf was so strong, that we could not attempt a landing at night; so we lay on our oars until it was daylight, when we found it impracticable to land there in safety. We therefore pulled to the south-west in search of a suitable landing-place; and after pulling all day until four P.M., we at last found one, and reached the shore in safety. Our first object of solicitude was water, which we found without much difficulty. After quenching our thirst, we went in search of shell-fish, but found none. We then cut down some palm leaves growing near the beach, to cover us during the night, and made our bed under the

shelter of a high rock; but before morning, we were obliged to get up and walk about on account of the cold and rain. A pumpkin was next divided, and some periwinkles were found and eaten raw. Being very much in want of a fire, we tried to get a light by rubbing pieces of wood together, but did not succeed. I then sent three of my men to the top of an adjoining hill, to try if they could discover any inhabitants from whom a light could be procured. They soon returned, accompanied by six natives, quite naked, but armed with spears and shields—a circumstance somewhat alarming to men so defenceless as we were. As soon as the natives saw our people, they presented them with berries, which I took to be a friendly sign. I also presented them with a piece of pumpkin, which they took and ate. They were soon joined by other five, so that we had eleven stout well-made men, most of them above six feet, sitting around us, talking and making a great noise; but we could not understand a word they said. By means of signs, I intimated to them that we wanted fire, which one of them went to procure, and shortly after returned with a large piece of half-burned wood. We had given three small tin dishes to some of them, and he would not give us the fire until he got one also. They kept signing for us to follow them, which, with two of my men, I at length did, leaving the boat and pumpkins in charge of the other two. I expected they were going to take us to some of their huts, but in that I was mistaken. After travelling with them two miles, some behind and some before us, dancing and singing nearly all the way, we at length saw the smoke of their huts, and came to a small patch of Indian corn, of which each of us was presented with a head to eat. One of the natives then pulled six heads, tied them together with leaves, and pointing to my handkerchief, made signs that he would exchange them for it. A small conical hut was here assigned us, into which I could scarcely creep. Not relishing this accommodation, I signified that we were going back to the boat, when one of them, a tall, stout-made man, put his spears aside, and came with us, armed only with a stick, with which he constantly beat the grass—a practice, as I afterwards learned, designed to frighten away the snakes. He conducted us to the boat, and then left us: I rewarded him with a coral bead which I happened to have in my pocket. An excellent fire was now kindled, and with the help of periwinkles, pumpkin, and Indian corn, we enjoyed a good supper. Having cut more palm leaves to make a kind of shelter from the rain, and gathered a quantity of wood to keep the fire burning all night, we lay down to rest. Although very tired, I could sleep but little: the thought of the savage-looking people we were among, and the fear of a night-visit from them, kept me awake; but nothing material occurred. Early in the morning six natives came to us with heads of Indian corn, which they wanted to barter for the clothes we wore: this, of course, we declined to do. For a tin-pot, however, a marlin-spike, and all the buttons of our clothes, we got fifteen heads of corn. Shortly after, five more came with corn; but as we had nothing more to exchange, we got no more, except three heads which a young man gave us without looking for anything in return: indeed he was the only one who seemed to feel for us. They were very desirous to obtain knives, but as we had only one, we were obliged to conceal it, and even to deny that we had any. One of them, however, took up the stalk of a palm leaf, and pointed to where it had been cut. They likewise made signs for fire-arms, and looked all round to see if we had any concealed. The iron fastenings of the boat attracted their notice so much, that I was afraid they would destroy it to obtain them.

About nine A.M., on the 8th of March, the sea being a little smoother, and the wind from the northward, we prepared to put to sea again, with the view of reaching some British settlement. We had still four pumpkins remaining, one of which we hollowed out a little more and filled with water. These, with twelve or fifteen heads of Indian corn, formed our stock of provisions, to cook which we possessed a baking-pan and tin-pot. We succeeded in launching the boat; but in going out, one of the men lost his oar by the sea striking it: we backed astern for it, when the before-mentioned young man picked it up, and, wading into the water, gave it to us. We again put off, and after great peril, got safely through the surf, evidently to the surprise of the natives, who stood until we got outside, and then returned to their huts, taking with them the few heads of corn which they had brought. We now set our fragile sail, and proceeded along the coast. When we had advanced two or three miles, the coast grew more rugged, and the shoals ran a little more off as we proceeded southward: the sea in the meantime was making very fast, and breaking high upon the shore. At three P.M., the appearance of the weather became very threatening. The wind came in gusts, varying round the compass, and was accompanied with lightning, thunder, and torrents of rain. We immediately lowered our sail, took to our oars, and sought for a place to land, as there appeared no likelihood of keeping to sea with safety all night. After pulling for some time, and with great difficulty weathering a reef of rocks which lay off the shore, we saw what appeared to be the entrance to a river, and made towards it, to see if it were practicable to effect a landing there. When about half a mile from the shore, and a quarter of a mile from the breakers, a large sea rose over the stern of the boat, and nearly filled her: the next

* Diseases produced by miasma which arises from putrid vegetation, bad drainage, and want of proper ventilation.
† Does not this suggest the propriety of making ventilators to hold?—Ed. C. E. J.

turned her over, and set us all afloat. Fortunately, we all got from under the boat; and as we were now between the outer and inner breakers, the sea was more smooth, and enabled us to seize hold of the boat, which we succeeded in turning up and getting into again. In this, the crisis of our distress, we looked at each other in silence, and lifted up our thoughts to the Almighty. The sea heaving us fast towards the breakers, which were very high, and at a great distance from the beach, the boat was left at length on the top of an immense wave; falling from which, it struck on a sunken rock. The next sea overwhelmed us for some time, turning the boat over and over. Finding my feet upon the rock, I caught hold of an ear, and saw the boat about an ear's length off, with three of the men holding on by her, and one attempting to swim to the shore. The next sea that came carried me off the rock into the deep water of the channel of the river, the current of which I found was taking me fast out to sea again. The boat, I observed, was more than half-full of water, with three of the men in her. I called to them, but they could render me no assistance. Still I held firmly by the middle of the ear. The waves, as they advanced, overwhelmed me, turning me over and over; and after they had receded, sometimes left me on my back, and at other times on my belly, with the ear underneath my breast. I found, however, that I was driving again towards the land (the current of the river being weakened as it expanded in the sea), which gave me fresh hopes of life; for although I was so much under water, I still retained my consciousness, and kept a firm hold of the ear. After a few more seas had spent their fury on the beach, I found my feet touch the sand: the next left me half dry, so that I could assist myself towards the shore with my feet; another came, and I quitted the ear, and found myself assisted in clearing the surf by the man who had swam to the shore. On looking round, I had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the other three just coming to shore by the aid of the half-sunken boat. Being better able to keep their heads out of the water than I was, they were not so much exhausted.

We all now scrambled up the beach, and vomited a great quantity of salt water, which relieved us a little; but the rain and wind still continuing, we felt very cold, and shivered all over. After resting a while, we walked a little way into the interior in search of human habitations, but found none. Returning to the beach, we discovered three pumpkins, the boat's ears, and the remains of our shattered sail, which the sea had thrown upon the shore. We constructed for ourselves a temporary shelter against a bank of sand, and returned thanks to God for our deliverance. Asking his farther protection, we lay down to rest, and though it rained incessantly, fell asleep. During the night, we awoke shivering with cold, our teeth chattering so as to render us scarcely able to speak. We then got up and walked the beach till daylight. Three of us being without hats, we took pieces of the torn shirts of which the sail had been made, and wrapt them round our heads. Having breakfasted on part of a pumpkin, we again went in search of inhabitants, for we had no fire; but without finding any, although we went above two miles up the river, through a beautiful country, and ascended a high hill. On our return, we found the boat at the bottom of the river, which had been washed in with the flood-tide. With some difficulty we got her launched off a sand-bank, and crossed the river. The rain still continuing, we hauled the boat up to high water-mark, and turned the bottom upward: this afforded us some shelter. At noon the weather cleared up a little. Our clothes being soaked with water, we took them off, wrung them, and hung them on trees to dry. We then pulled a quantity of long grass, with which we formed a bed, and covered ourselves. At night we got a comfortable sleep under shelter of the boat, which defended us from the rain. The tide rose to our feet at midnight, but began to recede in about half an hour. In the morning the weather was fine; and after breakfasting on some pumpkin and raw periwinkles, we consulted as to future proceedings. I was unwilling to leave the boat, as I thought we would have many rivers to cross; besides, we were without shoes, and might encounter wild beasts or hostile natives. The four men, however, were against using it any more, as it was very much injured, and the sail nearly destroyed: indeed there seemed little chance of getting it through the heavy sea which continually rolls upon this coast. We therefore resolved to travel on foot, keeping by the shore as far as practicable. We took with us about ten fathoms of rope, which was attached to the boat, to assist us in crossing rivers, and the remainder of our pumpkins. After travelling about six miles, we were agreeably surprised to find one of our pumpkins on the shore, drifted thus far by the current, which sets in along the coast towards the Cape. We shortly after found a cocoa-nut without the husk, which we immediately ate. When we had proceeded about twenty miles, and crossed several streams, we came to a river we could not ford, and were consequently obliged to have recourse to our rope, which we opened into four strands. Two of the men swam over with it, and made it fast to the trunk of an old tree, by which means we crossed in safety. We then took up our rope and pursued our journey, in the course of which we observed several skeletons of whales, and the foot-prints of wild animals. Having advanced about ten miles farther, we came up to a naked man standing

on the sand, armed with a spear and shield. He immediately began to talk to us; but not understanding him, we walked on, when he departed, laid aside his spears, and in a short time returned, bringing with him a small skin, which we found to contain tobacco, snuff, a pipe, and a kind of tinder-box. By this time we had overtaken more of the natives, who, as we passed them, merely spoke to the one following us. About six miles further on we passed a man, with a woman and child, all painted red: the man had a kind of skin hung over his shoulders, the woman wore a similar article of dress, and had her child suspended from her back. Our guide now wanted us to strike up into the country, which we were unwilling to do, until, by signs (pointing to our skin, and holding up two fingers), he gave us to understand that he would take us to two white men. We then followed him, although our feet were very sore, and cut in many places: as we passed several huts, generally in clusters of ten or twelve, we overtook twelve women carrying bundles of long grass on their head, and travelled with them for two or three miles. Most of them had a number of beads round the neck, and there were a great many small blue and white glass beads attached to the hide which they wore across the breast: some of them had six or eight thick brass rings round their arms. When we came to their huts we rested, and one of them gave us a kind of sugar-cane to eat, first eating a little herself before she gave it to us: our guide, meanwhile, smoked his pipe, which he passed round to the men.

Though exceedingly tired, we started again, and towards sunset, when we had reached the top of a high hill, our guide pointed to two or three white buildings, about three miles distant, which we immediately saw were the dwellings of Europeans. This induced us to push on with fresh spirits. We at length reached some native huts which stood at a small distance from the white cottages, and learned from one of the blacks, who spoke a little English, that a school was kept there. It now struck me that this was a missionary station we were approaching. We reached it in the evening, and were most kindly received by Mr and Mrs Usher, who informed us that it was, as we had suspected, a missionary station, called Beacham-Wood, belonging to the Wesleyans. Here every attention was paid us, and a comfortable bed of mats and skins provided. After returning thanks to God for our preservation, and for bringing us again amongst our countrymen, we lay down to sleep; but our feet were so much cut up, and so very painful, that we got no rest: indeed, next morning we could scarcely set them to the ground. After breakfast, Mr Usher, who was catechist, informed me that Mr Pearce, the minister at the station, had left a few hours before our arrival for Butterworth, a station about fifty miles nearer the Cape of Good Hope, and that Graham's Town was about 250 miles distant. He had, however, sent a messenger after Mr Pearce to inform him of our arrival. He then supplied three of us with shirts, handkerchiefs, and shoes. I learned from him that they had been there two years, and that Mr Pearce and himself had erected the buildings, which comprised two dwelling-houses and a chapel. They had about ninety children attending school; but experienced considerable difficulty with the adults, a few of whom, however, had been baptised, and were leading an exemplary and pious life. After dinner, which to us was a feast, a man on horseback arrived with a message from Mr Pearce, who was about fifteen miles off, desiring me to come to him on a spare horse which he had sent with the messenger, and informing me that he would wait for myself and people. I accordingly bade farewell to my kind host, and followed my black guide, who conducted me, about 7 P.M., to the Rev. Messrs Pearce and Gladwin, by whom I was received with much cordiality. On Sunday forenoon we heard service in the Caffre language, when about forty natives attended.

About noon, a man came in great haste to inform the missionary that two of the tribes were going to fight, and that the war-cry had been raised on the top of the hills. Messrs Pearce and Gladwin immediately took horse, and rode out twelve miles, to endeavour to make peace between them. When they reached the scene of contention, they found that only one tribe had turned out, all ready for battle, armed with spears and shields, and having their bodies painted with red stripes. These warriors were exercising themselves with throwing their spears and singing the war-song; but as the other party had not turned out, there was no bloodshed. The quarrel, it appears, was occasioned by a man of the one tribe killing a dog belonging to one of the other. The missionaries, who returned in the evening, did not succeed in getting them to promise that they would look over the offence.

Next morning we resumed our journey in a covered wagon, drawn by twelve oxen, and followed by above twenty young ones. Our party consisted of twenty-seven men and women. As there were no roads, it was in general very rough travelling; but the country was not so hilly as that through which we had passed. In the middle of the day we stopped for two hours to allow the cattle time to feed, and at night kindled a large fire to scare away wild beasts, and to keep ourselves warm. The second day we passed through a well-wooded and beautiful country, watered by rivers whose banks presented some fine scenery. At night we stopped near one of the chief's habitations, which differs from the rest only in being a little larger. They

all have the appearance of a hay-rick, with a small hole to creep in at, without chimney, window, or furniture of any kind. The natives lie on skins, with their feet towards the fire, which is in the centre; and sometimes two or three families sleep in one hut. The chief, who is a young man about six feet two inches high, came to see the missionary, attended by his three wives, and followed by six of his captains armed. There was nothing in his dress to distinguish him from the rest of the natives, who all wear across their shoulders a large square skin, called a kaross, and a few strings of beads round their necks. The women wore a covering extending from the breasts down to the knee, ornamented in front with a great number of small beads. They had also a skin across the shoulders, with a strip of hide about six inches broad hanging down to the heels, covered with rows of brass buttons, placed as closely together as possible. Two of them had handkerchiefs round their heads, which, with the kaross, were all of a dull-red or brown colour. They rub their bodies all over with grease and red clay, and as they never wash themselves, these substances are communicated to whatever they put on. The young unmarried men and women go without any clothing in fine weather. Close to where we were, a feast was given by one of the men to his tribe, on occasion of one of his daughters coming of age, and being marriageable. A bullock was killed, from which the guests cut off what they wanted as it lay on the ground, half broiled the pieces on the fire, and then ate them. They kept dancing and eating all night. The dance was pursued amid singing, clapping of hands, and the sound of a kind of drum. They made so much noise, that we got but little sleep. About four o'clock the meeting broke up; one party singing and accompanying another on their way home.

On the fourth day we arrived at Butterworth station, where we met with three other missionaries who were going to different stations from sixty to one hundred miles in the interior. They were all very kind to us. This being an old station, it has a good house and chapel. Mr Finn, a government agent, and a trader, live here. Mr Finn informed me that there were ten empty wagons (which had been hired by government to carry stores and troops to Natal) returning to Graham's Town, and were about four miles distant from us; adding, that if I thought we were able to go with them, he would procure us a conveyance to them, which I most gladly accepted. He provided us with blankets, shoes, and shirts, and also tea and sugar, to serve us on the road. Having no spare bread, he gave us a dozen handkerchiefs and a few pounds of tobacco to exchange with the natives for corn and milk. He then sent my four men on with horses to join the wagons. I stayed all night with the missionaries. The next morning, as I walked among the native huts, I heard the sound of devotional exercises issuing from many of these humble dwellings. After procuring some medicine for two of my men who were sick, I bade farewell to Mr Pearce and the other kind missionaries, who were about to start for their different stations. I then proceeded, in company with Mr McGie, the conductor of the wagons, to join my men. At night, when we halted, the natives came with corn and milk to barter. For a coarse handkerchief I got a small bag of Caffre corn, which our people ground between two stones, and made very good porridge of. We also got Indian corn, which we roasted on the fire. Almost every morning we were able to procure sweet milk in exchange for a piece of tobacco or red clay.

Having to stop for two or three hours in the middle of each day, to allow the bullocks time to feed, and there being no road but what the wagons made, our progress was slow and beset with difficulties. On the twelfth day we came to Fort Peddie—a small place with two or three companies of soldiers to keep the Caffres in check. A Mr and Mrs Hare, belonging to the commissariat, received me very kindly, and I abode with them a night. Here we got two days' rations to take us on to the colony. As Mr Hare was going to Graham's Town, he thought I had better accompany him on horseback; the distance being about fifty miles. He also got a wagon to start with the four men, with the view of travelling quicker. After riding about twenty miles, I grew tired of the horse, and left it at the Fish River station, where I waited for the wagon. Mr Hare, however, proceeded onward, and reached town in the evening. On the following night, while sleeping round a fire, we were suddenly alarmed by a tremendous roar of wild beasts, apparently close upon us. We immediately got into the wagon, and seized two guns which were ready loaded. Anticipating an attack upon the cattle, we put more wood on the fire; but though these animals came so near that we could hear them growl, they touched nothing; and shortly afterwards we heard them roar at a distance.

The next day we entered Graham's Town: it is a thriving place, and comprises four or five good streets. Besides an established church, the Wesleyan Methodists, Independents, and Roman Catholics, have each a chapel here. Having met with Mr Hare, he took me to Mr Maynard, Lloyd's agent, who very kindly advanced me £25 on my bill. I then got some clothing, and took lodgings for myself and people. The next day being Sabbath, we attended the Wesleyan chapel: the Rev. Mr Shaw preached, and very feelingly returned thanks to God for our safety. Next morning I breakfasted with the Rev.

AN ANECDOTE.

'Well, it's all good, boys; but rather than show favour or affection, do you see, I'll go wid Andy, here, and take share of the hen an' bacon; but, boys, for all that, I am fonder of the other things, you persave; and as I can't go wid you, Mat, tell your respectable

mother that I'll be with her to-morrow; and with you, Larry, the day after."

If a master were a single man, he usually "went round" with the scholars each night; but there were generally a few comfortable farmers, leading men in the parish, at whose house he chiefly resided; and the children of these men were treated with the greatest and most barefaced partiality. They were altogether privileged persons, and had liberty to beat and abuse the other children of the school, who were certain of being most unmercifully flogged, if they even dared to prefer a complaint against the favourites.

[The scenes in school were often of the most ludicrous kind.]

"Having gone through the spelling task, it was Mat's custom to give out six hard words, selected according to his judgment, as a final test; but he did not always confine himself to that. Sometimes he would put a number of syllables arbitrarily together, forming a most heterogeneous combination of articulate sounds.

"Now, boys, here's a deep word, that'll thry ye; come, Larry, spell me—*me-man-dran-an-ti-fi-can-du-ban-dan-ti-al-ty*, or *me-an-thro-po-mor-pi-ta-ni-a-aus-mi-da-i-a-tion*; that's too hard for you, is it? Well, then, spell phthisie. Oh, that's physis you're spellin'.

Now, Larry, do you know the difference between physis and phthisie?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll expound it: phthisie, you see, manes—whisht, boys; will ye hold yer tongues there—phthisie, Larry, signifies—that is, phthisie—mind, it's not physis I'm expounding; but phthisie—boys, will ye stop yer noise there—signifies—but, Larry, it's so deep a word in larnin', that I should draw it out on a slate for you; and now I remember, man alive, you're not far enough on yet to understand it; but what's physis, Larry?"

"Isn't that, sir, what my father tuck the day he got sick, sir?"

"That's the very thing, Larry: it has what larned men call a medical property. Oeh! oeh! I'm the boy that knows things—you see now how I expounded them two hard words for ye, boys—don't ye?"

"Yes, sir, &c."

"So, Larry, you haven't the larnin' for that either; but here's an easier one—spell me Ephabridotas (Ephabridotas)—you can't! Hat! man—you're a big dunce entirely; that little shoneen Sharkey there below would sack."

[An arithmetical class is called up.]

"Well, Thady, when did you go into subtraction?"

"The day beyond yesterday, sir; yarra masha, sure 'twas yourself, sir, that set me the first sum."

"Well, Thady, from one thousand pounds, no shillings, and no pence, how will you subtract one pound?"

"I don't know how to set about it, master."

"You don't; an' how dare you tell me so, you shingara you—your Cornelius Agrippa you—go to your seat and study it, or I'll—ha! be off you!"

"Pierce Butler, come up wid your multiplication."

"Pierce, multiply four hundred by two—put it down—that's it."

"Twice nought is one." (Whack, whack.) "Take that as an illustration—is that one?"

"Why, master, that's two, any how; but, sir, is not wast nought nothin'; now, master, sure there can't be less than nothin'."

"Very good, sir."

"If wast nought be nothin', then twice nought must be somethin', for it's double what wast nought is; see how I'm struck for nothin', an' me knows it—ho! ho! ho!"

"Get out, you Esculapian; but I'll give you some-thing, by and by, just to make you remember that you know nothin'; off wid you to your seat, you spalpeen you—to tell me that there can't be less than nothin', when it's well known that sporting Squire O'Canter is worth a thousand pounds less than nothin'!"

Sometimes the neighbouring gentry used to call into Mat's establishment, moved probably by a curiosity excited by his character, and the general conduct of the school. On one occasion, Squire Johnston and an English gentleman paid him rather an unexpected visit. Mat had that morning got a new scholar, the son of a dancing tailor in the neighbourhood; and as it was reported that the son was nearly equal to the father in that accomplishment, Mat insisted on having a specimen of his skill. He was the more anxious on this point, as it would contribute to the amusement of a travelling schoolmaster, who had paid him rather a hostile visit, which Mat, who dreaded a literary challenge, feared might occasion him some trouble.

Come up here, you little sarter, till we get a dacent view of you. You're a son of Neil Malone's—aren't you?"

"Yes, and of Mary Malone, my mother, too, sir."

"Why this, that's not bad, any how. What's your name?"

"Dick, sir."

"Now, Dick, ma bouchal, isn't it true that you can dance a hornpipe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here, Larry Brady, take the door off the hinges, an' lay it down on the flure, till Dick Malone dances the Humours of Glyn: silence, boys, not a word; but just keep lookin' an'."

"Who'll sing, sir? for I can't be aither dancin' a step widout the music."

"Boys, which of ye'll sing for Dick? I say, boys, will none of ye give Dick the harmony? Well, come Dick, I'll sing for you myself!"

Torral lo! torral lo! torral lo! torral lo!—Tollherod, torral lo! torral lo! lo! lo! &c. &c.

"I say, Mither Kavanagh, said the strange master, 'what angle does Dick's heel form in the second step of the treble, from the kibe on the left foot to the corner of the door forinst him?'"

To this mathematical poser Mat made no reply, only sang the tune with redoubled loudness and strength, whilst little Dicky pounded the old crazy door with all his skill and alacrity. The 'boys' were delighted.

"Brave, Dick; that's a man—welt the flure—cut the buckle—murder the clocks—rise upon saggan, and sink upon gad—down the flure flat—foot about—keep one foot on the ground and t'other never off it, saluted him from all parts of the house."

Just at this moment the two gentlemen entered; and, reader, you may conceive, but I cannot describe, the face which Mat (who sat with his back to the door, and did not see them until they were some time in the house) exhibited on the occasion. There he sung *os rotundo*, throwing forth an astonishing tide of voice; whilst little Dick, a thin, pale-faced urchin, with his head, from which the hair stood erect, sunk between his hollow shoulders, was performing prodigious feats of agility.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" said the gentlemen. "Good morning, Mr Kavanagh!"

"Oh, good—oh, good morning—gentlemen, with extreme kindness," replied Mat, rising suddenly up, but not removing his hat, although the gentlemen instantly uncovered.

"Why, thin, gentlemen," he continued, "you have caught us in our little relaxations to-day; but—hem!"

—I came to give the boys a holiday for the sake of this honest and respectable gentleman in the frize jock, who is not entirely ignorant, you perceive, of literature; and we had a small taste, gentlemen, among ourselves, of Sathurnalian licentiousness, *ut ita dicam*, in regard of—hem!—in regard of this lad here, who was dancing a hornpipe upon the door; and we, in absence of better music, had to supply him with the harmony; but as your honours know, gentlemen, the greatest men have bent themselves on especial occasions."

"Make no apology, Mr Kavanagh; it's very commendable in you to lend yourself by condescending to amuse your pupils."

"I beg your pardon, Squire, I can take freedoms with you; but perhaps the concomitant gentleman, your friend here, would be pleased to take my stool. Indeed, I always use a chair; but the back of it, if I may be permitted the use of a small portion of jocularity, was as frail as the fair seat: it went home yesterday to be mended. Do, sir, condescend to be seated. Upon my reputation, Squire, I'm sorry that I have not accommodation for you, too, sir; except one of these hassocks, which, in joint consideration with the length of your honour's legs, would be, I anticipate, rather low; but you, sir, will honour me by taking the stool."

By considerable importunity, he forced the gentleman to comply with his courtesy; but no sooner had he fixed himself upon the seat, than it overturned, and stretched him, black and all, across a wide concavity in the floor nearly filled up with white ashes produced from mountain turf. In a moment he was completely white on one side, and exhibited a most laughable appearance; his hat, too, was scorched, and nearly burned on the turf coals. Squire Johnston laughed heartily, as did the other schoolmaster, whilst the Englishman completely lost his temper—swearing that such another uncivilised establishment was not between the poles.

"I solemnly supplicate upwards of fifty pardons," said Mat; "bad manners to it for a stool! but, your honour, it was my own defect of speculation, because, you see, it's minus a leg—a circumstance of which you warn't in a proper capacity to take cognation, as not being personally acquainted with it. I humbly supplicate upwards of fifty pardons."

The Englishman was now nettled, and determined to wreak his ill temper on Mat, by turning him and his establishment into ridicule.

"Isn't this Mister — I forgot your name, sir."

"Mat Kavanagh, at your service."

"Very well, my learned friend, Mr Mat Kavanagh, isn't this precisely what is called a hedge-school?"

"A hedge-school?" replied Mat, highly offended; "my seminary a hedge-school! No, sir; I scorn the cognomen in toto. This, sir, is a Classical and Mathematical seminary, under the personal superintendence of your humble servant."

"Sir," replied the other master, who till then was silent, wishing, perhaps, to sack Mat in presence of the gentlemen, "it is a hedge-school; and he is no scholar, but an ignoramus, whom I'd sack in three minutes, that would be ashamed of a hedge-school."

"Ay," says Mat, changing his tone, and taking the cue from his friend, whose learning he dreaded, "it's just, for argument's sake, a hedge-school; and, what is more, I scorn to be ashamed of it."

"And do you not teach occasionally under the hedge behind the house here?"

"Granted," replied Mat; "and now where's your *vis consequentie*?"

"Yes," subjoined the other; "produce your *vis consequentie*; but any one may know by a glance that the devil a much of it's about you."

The Englishman himself was rather at a loss for the *vis consequentie*, and replied, "Why don't you live, and learn, and teach like civilised beings, and not assemble like wild asses—pardon me, my friend, for the simile—at least like wild colts, in such clusters behind the ditches?"

"A cluster of wild colts!" said Mat; "that shows what you are; no man of classical larnin' would use such a word. If you had stuck at the asses, we know it's a subject you're at home in—ha! ha! ha! But you brought the joke on yourself, your honour—that is, if it's a joke—ha! ha! ha!"

"Permit me, sir," replied the strange master, "to ax your honour one question—did you receive a classical education? Are you college-bred?"

"Yes," replied the Englishman; "I can reply to both in the affirmative. I'm a Cantabrigian."

"You are a what?" asked Mat.

"I am a Cantabrigian."

"Come, sir, you must explain yourself, if you please. I'll take my oath that's neither a classical nor a mathematical term."

The gentleman smiled. "I was educated in the English college of Cambridge."

"Well," says Mat, "and maybe you would be as well off if you had picked up your larnin' in our own Thrinity; there's good picking in Thrinity for gentlemen like you, that are sober and harmless about the brains, in regard of not being overly bright."

"You talk with contempt of a hedge-school," replied the other master. "Did you never hear, for all so long as you war in Cambridge, of a nate little spot in Greece called the groves of Academus?"

"Inter lucos Academici quereere verum."

What was Plato himself but a hedge-schoolmaster! and, with humble submission, it casts no slur on an Irish teacher to be compared to him, I think. You forget, also, sir, that the Druids taught under their oaks: eh?"

"Ay," added Mat, "and the Tree of Knowledge too. Faith, an' if that same tree was now in being, if there wouldn't be hedge schoolmasters, there would be plenty of hedge scholars, any how—particularly if the fruit was well tasted."

"I believe, Millbank, you must give in," said Squire Johnston. "I think you have got the worst of it."

"Why," said Mat, "if the gentleman's not aither bein' sacked, I'm not here."

"Are you a mathematician?" inquired Mat's friend, determined to follow up his victory; "do you know mensuration?"

"Come, I do know mensuration," said the Englishman with confidence.

"And how would you find the solid contents of a load of thorns?" said the other.

"Ay, or how will you conther and parse me this sintince?" said Mat.

"*Rugibus et clotibus sedentis stopeo window, Nos numeros sumus et fruges consumere nati, Stercora fiat stiro rara terra-tantaro bungo.*"

"Aisy, Mister Kavanagh," replied the other; "let the Cantabrigian resolve the one I propounded him first."

"And let the Cantabrigian then take up mine," said Mat; "and if he can expound it, I'll give him a dozen more to bring home in his pocket, for the Cambridge folk to crack after their dinner, along wid their nuts."

"Can you do the 'Snail'?" inquired the stranger.

"Or 'A and B on opposite sides of a wood,' without the Key? Hand me down that cudgel, Jack Brady, till I show the gentleman the 'Snail' and the 'Maypole,'" said Mat.

"Never mind, my lad; never mind, Mr — Kavanagh. I give up the contest; I resign you the palm, gentlemen. The hedge-school has beaten Cambridge hollow."

"One poser more before you go, sir," said Mat. "Can you give me Latin for a *game-egg* in two words?"

"Eh, a game-egg! No, by my honour, I cannot. Gentlemen, I yield."

"Ay, I thought so," replied Mat; "and, faith, I believe the devil a much of the game bird is about you; but bring it home to Cam-bridge anyhow, and let them chew their ends upon it, you perverse; and, by the sowl of Newton, it will puzzle the whole establishment, or my name's not Kavanagh."

"It will, I am convinced," replied the gentleman, eyeing the Herculean frame of the strange teacher, and the substantial cudgel in Mat's hand; "it will, undoubtedly. But who is this most miserable naked lad here, Mr Kavanagh?"

"Why, sir," replied Mat, with his broad Milesian face expanded by a forthcoming joke, "he is, sir, in a sartin and especial particularly a namesake of your own."

"How is that, Mr Kavanagh?"

"My name's not Kavanagh," replied Mat, "but Kavanagh; the Irish A for ever!"

"Well, but how is the lad a namesake of mine?" said the Englishman.

"Because, you see, he's a poor scholar, sir," replied Mat; "an' I hope your honour will pardon me for the facetiousness."

"There, Mr Kavanagh," said the Englishman, "price of a suit of clothes for him."

'Michael, will you rise up, sir, and make the gentleman a bow I he has given you the price of a shoo of clothes, my bouchal.'

Michael came up with a very tattered coat hanging about him; and, catching his fore-lock, bobbed down his head after the usual manner, saying, 'Musha yarra, long life to your honour every day you rise, an' the Lord grant your sowl a short stay in purgatory; wishin' ye, at the same time, a happy death afterwards!'

The gentleman could not stand this, but laughed so heartily, that the argument was fairly knocked up."

EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN COMMISSION.

CARPET-WEAVING.

THE chief seat of this manufacture is Kidderminster, in Worcestershire, not only for the sort of carpet which takes its name from the town, but for Brussels and Venetian fabrics. We find by the report of S. Scriven, Esq., that Kidderminster contains from 22,000 to 23,000 inhabitants, four-fifths of whom are either directly or indirectly connected with carpet-making. As nearly half of the process is performed by children, nearly one-half the number of operatives above estimated consists, it would appear, of young persons between the ages of seven and twenty. Every loom requires a weaver and a juvenile attendant, and the evil we mentioned in reference to the young poters is more strikingly and fatally exhibited in the carpet manufacture than in any other—namely, that of children being placed under the control of journeymen, who are, in fact, their masters, employing and (when sufficiently honest) paying them; thus the young people are often innocent sufferers from the irregularities, the idleness, and improvidence of their subaltern employers.

The business of a manufacturer is seldom carried on under one roof. He has a central depot or warehouse, where the bobbins, or reels upon which the coloured worsted is wound, are given out to the weaver. It is the universal practice to do this on Thursdays and Saturdays. The raw material thus distributed to each workman is expected to be returned made up before eleven o'clock on the morning of one of the above days of the following week, which is designated "the day of the fall." Each master has from one to seven spinning-shops, to which the weaver takes the yarn; these are large, regular, well-proportioned buildings, of two or more storeys, divided longitudinally into two, three, or more departments by brick partitions, each containing four looms, two on each side, leaving a passage up through the centre. The greater part of these buildings are spread far and wide throughout the town, and isolated from private dwellings. The workman departs with the material (or yarn wound upon bobbins) from the warehouse to the distant shop, and, with his draw-boy, or girl, begins to "fettle" or arrange his frames; if he happens to be an industrious, steady, and sober man, he begins at once to weave, and leaves off at a reasonable and proper hour, thereby earning his thirty shillings, upon the average, weekly, deducting five or six for his drawer; he will, however, have to wait occasionally for yarn undyed, or orders; so that, taking the year through, he does not work more than four and a-half days in the week, or complete a piece in less than nine days from the beginning. If, on the contrary, he is idle, dissipated, or dissolute, having possession of the key of the shop, he will commence work when he pleases, and leave off when he pleases, always requiring the child to be in waiting for him: the beer-house is his too constant place of resort; here he wastes his time and money, and impoverishes his family, until the moment arrives that he must work in good earnest "up for the fall." The children, unrefreshed and miserable, are aroused from their sleep at two, three, or four o'clock, and no matter, they must go to their cold, dark, damp, and dreary work-room from such hour until twelve or one at noon, without quitting the shop for a meal, their breakfasts on such occasions being brought to them. They then go home for their dinners, but return again to clean the rooms or "fettle" the frames for the next day. In corroboration of these melancholy facts, James Porter, aged 12, states—"I am a drawer for Timothy Loyd at Mr Dobson's; have been so employed five years. I went to day-school very young, and can read and write a little. My father is a master baker; I goes to Sunday-school every Sunday morning and evening. Our usual hours of work are from six in the morning until nine or ten at night; we never go before six, as we have to go through the private passage to get to work, and master's servant is never up before that. I have worked once all night; never more. I worked then because the work was in a hurry. I never worked anywhere else all night. I have begun as early elsewhere as four in the morning, and have left off at nine or ten at night, when we have been hard on for the fall; those hours have been very fatiguing to me; I have been very tired when I have left off, and have been glad to get home and go to bed. The last place I was at I had a very bad master, who worked me late hours; when he had fall, he went to public-house and got tipsy; I have seen him tipsy many times; he had

work if he liked to do it next morning, but he did not come until after breakfast-time. I was obliged to be at shop although he was not, and used to employ my time in putting in bobbins. The consequence of his coming so late obliged me to work late hours at night. I left him on that account. My father would not let me stay. I work six days in the week; sometimes am obliged to play (be idle) for bobbins and orders."

Homer Williams, aged 11, says—"I go to work with my father at five, half-past five, and sometimes six, and leave work at seven, eight, and nine; last night we worked till eleven, night before till eleven, and night before that; we got up again at two o'clock this morning to 'fall'; we had to be at the warehouse before twelve to-day, or we should not be paid till next Thursday. Fridays and Wednesday nights we work all night for the 'fall.' I shall go to bed to-night about nine, and be up at seven to-morrow to be ready for church and school. We can make a piece a week of thirty-six yards, and get 10d. a-yard for it; if 'tis three short Brussels, we get more; we cut the wires out, and call the carpet velvet-pile; we get 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., and 1s. 6d. for comber-pile, but then we don't make so much per week; we never, whatever the texture is, get above 36s. per week; as I am the drawer, father has nothing to pay out of that except coals, candle, and oil; he takes my wages for board and lodging. The clothes I have got on is the best I have. I don't much like getting up at night, I would rather get up in the morning and stay late. When I have done work I am very tired, when we fall, I am hardly able to crawl along the streets to get home, and sometimes I go without food all the morning. Sometimes for breakfast I get a bit of toast, or a bit of dry bread; for dinner we have nothing but tates and salt, at others a quarter of a pound of bacon amongst us, and sometimes nothing at all. Mother will sometimes get a few halfpence to get us our tea; she borrows some at times; we have often to go without dinner and tea too. I have told you that I and father get 30s. a-week, but that is not always, sometimes 'tis only 20s., sometimes 10s., or 6s., and often nothing; we have played for orders a week afore now many times; and sometimes for yarn; at others we have to fettle the frames—so that with a family of seven of us, money runs very short with us. For half-cilling we get but 8d. a-yard, but then 'tis easier work, and we would sooner do the hard work for more money than the easier for less."

In like manner, Elizabeth Lee, aged 14—"I am," she says, "a draw-girl for Charles Chew; have been a drawer three weeks for him, but two years before. I worked at the mill at Mr Hooman's four years. I left because there was no work. I got 4s. 6d. or 5s. a-week then; I get now 4s. 8d. I liked the mill best, because we have got now so many hours to work; I used to work in the mill eight hours, and now I work sometimes from five in the morning until ten at night, and am allowed twenty minutes for breakfast and one hour for dinner; our tea is brought to the shop. I never worked twelve, and twelve, but I have almost every week got up at one o'clock to work for the fall, and at twelve; then I worked until twelve or one next day. I do not like it; don't know anybody as does; my mother does not like to let me go, but is obliged, if master wants me; the man I work for is a married man. I never went to any other day-school but at the mill. I go to Sunday-school at St George's. I cannot read or write; I have learnt my letters, and can tell them, and that is all; I can hem and sew a little, but have no time to do that." The mention of "twelve and twelve" by the above witness requires some explanation. It applies to an extremely improper, and, in a moral point of view, dangerous practice, peculiar to the Kidderminster weavers:—When a new figure is introduced, one loom is "set up" to receive it, which stands the master in a cost of from 20s. to 25s. for labour. The demand may be great and urgent; and as the whole quantity must pass through one loom, unless the manufacturer determines to "set up" another, the health and strength of the labourer and child is taxed beyond endurance, as they must work early and late to accomplish the order; and even the sacred hours of the Sabbath are frequently desecrated. That the greatest possible quantity of carpet might be made from the new pattern by a given time, the single loom is constantly in requisition; each pair of operatives working alternately twelve hours out of every twenty-four, or "twelve and twelve." But even the unemployed hours are taken up with other duties. We learn from Anne Barth, 15 years old—"I have worked before now twelve and twelve; then I used to get up at twelve at night, and worked without coming home before dinner next day at one; after dinner I used to go back to shop and fettle bobbins, wind my quills, and do other little odd jobs; then went home, got some tea, and went to bed at about six or seven. I never liked that work, because 'twas hard and irregular; in the day time we had company, at night we had none. In the winter 'tis very cold in shop; we have a bit of fire. I have never been subjected to abuse from the men myself, but I have often heard of others that have. We should never go of our own choice; we go because we are obliged. It is not every one that will go; but when they refuse, and the weaver cannot carry his work to the warehouse, he gets the sack from (is turned away by) the master." It often happens that not more than one loom on the whole premises is working "twelve and twelve," and that the drawer is, like the last witness, a young female. At night, distant

from all chance of help, she is, in too many instances, subjected to the lawless conduct of her master. The sub-commissioner never spoke to a parent upon this subject, without having been assured that hundreds of virtuous girls, obliged to work twelve and twelve, had fallen victims to their employers' troughery.

The long hours, habits of uncleanness, and other causes, render the physical condition of the children more than comparatively bad. Neither the work-rooms nor private dwellings are ordinarily or wholesomely clean. In weaving worsted, a quantity of what is called "dights and ends" is allowed to accumulate under the looms, which is the perquisite of the drawers, and which yielded at one time, when they were allowed to dispose of it as they pleased, about 6d. per lb.; the masters now claim it at 2d. and 1d., for the use of saddlers and others; these dights and ends are collected once a-month, and upon these occasions the work-rooms are left for the drawers to clean. Mr Scriven visited three-fourths of the whole number, and avows that he did not see one that was not in a filthy and abominable state of uncleanness; not a wall or passage was even white-washed, nor was soap or water heard of either in the rooms, passages, or staircases. The appearance of the people and children was in keeping with the whole, and bespoke on the week-days an unpardonable indifference to their persons, strangely contrasted with their appearance on Sundays. The dwellings of the weavers throughout the town are of a comfortless character; two or three families are crowded together in one house occupying separate storeys, the rent and taxes being equally shared. As regards food, these poor children are also very poorly off, as may be seen not only from the evidence of Homer Williams, quoted above, but from similar statements distributed over the evidence. Robert Wilkinson, relieving officer of the Kidderminster Union, gives the following summary of the physical condition of the carpet-weavers of his district:—"I am the relieving officer of this union, and have held the appointment four years. Was never occupied as an operative, manufacturer, or overseer in the factories. In my office as relieving officer, I have had an opportunity of forming an opinion of the physical condition of the children of the working-classes. In the first place, I have generally found their houses very filthy; the parents do not show much regard for the comforts or cleanliness of themselves or their children, nor do they appear to show much anxiety for their educational improvement by sending them to day-schools when young. I do not look upon weavers, who constitute the great proportion of working-people, as either very industrious or sober men; they are very poor; but I look upon their extreme poverty as the effect arising out of their habits of drunkenness; a great number of them frequent the beer-shops." These are powerful causes for such results as are recorded by an intelligent medical correspondent of the sub-commissioner. "Consumption, diseases of the joints, and ruptures," says Mr Thirstfield, "are constantly occurring. In short, the majority of attacks are of a low cachectic character, and the mortality among children of an early age is alarmingly great."

Of the morals of the Kidderminster factory children little need be said. The facts we have adverted to attest the low state of morality amongst the carpet-weavers and their hard-wrought assistants, especially the female portion of them.

BAGPIPE SEMINARY IN SKYE.

It is well known that the great bagpipe, the instrument on which the national music of Scotland was chiefly played for so long a time, and which has still so striking an effect in rousing the martial spirit of the Highlanders, was cultivated with greater success by the Macrimmons, the hereditary pipers of the Macleods, than by any other in the Highlands. The name of Macrimmon, whether on fanciful or on conclusive ground, we pretend not to say, has been derived from the fact, of the first musician who bore the name having studied his profession at Cremona, in Italy. Certain it is, that what rarely happens, high musical talent, as well as high moral principle and personal bravery, descended from father to son during many generations in the family of the Macrimmons. They became so celebrated, that pupils were sent to them from all quarters of the Highlands, and one of the best certificates that a piper could possess was his having studied under the Macrimmons. Finding the number of pupils daily increasing, they at length opened a regular school or college for pipe-music on the farm of Borealis, opposite to Dunvegan Castle, but separated from it by Loch Follart. Here so many years of study were prescribed, regular lessons were given out, and certain periods for receiving the instructions of the master were fixed. The whole tuition was carried on as systematically as in any of our modern academies; and the names of some of the caves and knolls in the vicinity still point out the spots where the scholars used to practise, respectively on the chanter, the small pipe, and the *Pòb mior*, or large bagpipe, before exhibiting in presence of the master. Macleod endowed this school by granting the farm of Borealis to it, and it is no longer ago than seventy years since the endowment was withdrawn. It was owing to the following cause:—The farm had been originally given only during the pleasure of the proprietor. For many ages the grant was undisturbed; but when the value of land had risen to six or seven times what it was when the school was founded, Macleod very reasonably proposed to resume one-half of the farm, offering at the same time to Macrimmon a free lease of the other half in perpetuum; but Macrimmon, indignant that his emolu-

* The chief business of the "drawer" is to draw the thin wire, round which the loops that form the surface of carpet-work after it is woven, are twisted.

ments should be curtailed, resigned the whole farm, and broke up his establishment, which has never been restored.—*Rose-shire Advertiser*.

ANCIENT ENGLISH AND SCOTCH HANDWRITING.

Previous to the seventh century, the Anglo-Saxons made their gifts sometimes by a pike or halberd, an arrow, a baton; sometimes by a turf or sod of grass, a horn, and other symbols. Their most ancient charters are in capital letters. Even to the reign of Alfred the Great, the Anglo-Saxon small and cursive handwritings were usually employed to write acts. In reality, the writing before his reign was scarcely different from the Roman; but it borrowed many letters from the cursive. We may judge of it by the examples given by Hicks in his Anglo-Saxon grammar. Since Alfred, other small and running writings, borrowed from the French, were often put to the same use. They were more elegant, having been formed on the model of the characters introduced by Charlemagne. Hicks mentions a charter of King Eadred, written entirely in French letters. In the eleventh century, we see charters written at the same time in Saxon and French letters. The same author calls this writing Anglo-Norman, or Norman-Saxon; and says that it was introduced by the Normans. He cites a diploma of Edward the Confessor, in French letters, with the exception of the characters for the Saxon *th* and *sc*. The Anglo-Saxon and French writings are found united in a charter of the same prince, preserved in the original in the archives at St Dennis, in France. The manner of writing of the English was negligent, and the French writing was admitted into acts. The latter, after the conquest of the kingdom by William, Duke of Normandy, grew more and more in favour, and ultimately excluded the Saxon. But from the reign of Henry II., the fine French characters used in England degenerated into the Gothic, which became predominant in the thirteenth century. And then began to appear in England that bad cursive writing which prevailed throughout Europe to the sixteenth century. The most ancient diplomatic writings of Scotland do not ascend above the eleventh century. They may be reduced to the small French and Gothic, and to the cursive. The small Gothic is first seen in the charters of David I., who ascended the throne of Scotland in the year 1124. The bad cursive hand did not commence till the reign of King Alexander III., who was crowned in 1249.—*Le Nouveau Traité Diplomatique*.

AFFECTATION OF MUSICIANS.

The present day exhibits an increasing tendency amongst a certain class of musicians to make themselves singular, if they happen to be placed, either by others or by their own act, in a conspicuous situation; one displays an uncommon degree of activity and *legiereté*, which, although it may astonish the uninformed, and gain the individual a certain share of notoriety, decidedly cannot add much to his fame or respectability among musical men, or the more enlightened portion of the public generally. Another courts the admiration of the crowd by playing upon a variety of instruments in the same piece of music, and in rapid succession, working and hammering away with both hands and feet all the while, as if nothing less than his life depended upon his activity, almost rivaling those itinerant musicians (if we may dignify them by such a title) of bygone days, who were wont to play some would-be lively tune in solemn and measured time, upon four or five instruments at once (the number depending, of course, upon the ingenuity of the performer), generally consisting of a drum, pandean pipes, triangle, and Turkish bells; another contents himself with grimeace, mixing up an occasional frown with an abundance of smiles the most bewitching, and bows the most graceful, enlivened occasionally with a decidedly insipid and truly national piping and jiggings; one makes himself conspicuous by his lank hair, fixing the appearance of haggard old age upon what should be a young man's countenance; another depends upon his luxuriant ringlets; one places his hopes upon a delicately formed mustache; another upon the thick underwood that half encircles his face; whilst another, whose example is being followed by hundreds of needy adventurers in this country, like the fugleman of a regiment, goes through a deaf and dumb manual exercise, with a halo of ready-made glory shed around him, which, alas for human hopes and aspirations after greatness, lasts only while the gas is on!—*Dramatic and Musical Review*.

GERMAN EARNESTNESS.

Culture will do everything for man but give him the original capacity on which it most successfully works. If culture were all, how far had a Voltaire been above a Shakespeare, a Gray before a Burns, a Mengs beyond a Correggio, a Dugald Stewart ahead of a Spinoza! All which is much the reverse of true. We require something from which—granting the due circumstances—culture, knowledge, and reflection, clearness and liveliness of painting, the seriousness that will to careless eyes appear mysticism, the affectionateness that fills a life and book with warmth, and the homeliness which is the proof of real interest in all the forms and conditions of human nature, most, as water from its fountain, rise and be manifest. And there is one power in man which, with proper qualities of other kinds, and under favouring influences, will produce all that and every other good thing. There is but one. It is *earnestness of heart*. This we do conceive to be the grand focal characteristic of the better German writings, as compared with those that other nations have brought forth during these last three score years and ten. Here, perhaps, we might fitly stop. For where men have equal natural gifts, and equal circumstances, *earnestness is all that makes the difference*. As to gifts, the Teutonic race are, in force, fire, and clearness, the masters of the modern world; being, indeed, the conquerors of it all, and founders of its medieval-Christian life. Their circumstances, as already we have partly seen, are not in later times less favourable, but rather more so than those of other countries; for they

are in good measure exempt from all confusing commercial bustle, and do not shrink under the tyranny of one huge feverish drunken metropolis; and are amply provided with seats of free thought—at once cause, result, proof, and furtherance of this faithful national earnestness. Other things being equal, or even not grossly unequal, the most earnest people will be the wisest, most melodious, most creative; and this is what we esteem the Germans to be, as shown in their modern books.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

NONSENSE.

[From the "Ancient Druid's Magazine."]

NONSENSE! thou delicious thing,
Thought and feeling's effervescence;
Like the bubbles from a spring,
In their sparkling evanescence.
Thou, the child of sport and play,
When the brain keeps holiday;
When old gravity and reason
Are dismissed, as out of season;
And imagination seizes
The dominion while she pleases—
Though to praise thee can't be right,
Yet, Nonsense, thou art exquisite!

When for long and weary hours,
We have sat with patient faces,
Tasking our exhausted powers
To utter wise old common-places;
Hearing and repeating too,
Things unquestionably true—
Maxims which there's no denying,
Facts to which there's no replying:
Then, how often have we said,
With tired brain and aching head,
"Sense may be all true and right—
But, Nonsense, thou art exquisite!"
When we close the fireside round—
When young hearts with joy are brimming—
While gay, laughing voices sound,
And eyes with dewy mirth are swimming
In the free and fearless sense
Of friendship's fullest confidence;
Pleasant, then, without a check,
To lay the reins on fancy's neck,
And let her wild caprices vary
Through many a frolicsome vagary,
Exclaiming, still in gay delight,
"O, Nonsense, thou art exquisite!"

INCREASE OF NEWSPAPER READING.

The vast increase of newspaper reading, and, of course, of readers, in this country, within the last fourteen years, will be obvious from a glance at the following table, which is a parliamentary return just issued, in continuation of a previous one published in 1827. This return exhibits the aggregate number of stamps taken in each year by all the newspapers of England and Wales, of Scotland, of Great Britain, and of Ireland:—

Years.	England and Wales.	Scotland.	Great Britain.	Ireland.
1827	25,863,499	1,795,771	27,659,270	3,545,846
1828	26,632,566	2,162,643	28,795,209	3,790,272
1829	26,387,066	2,699,328	29,086,394	3,953,550
1830	27,370,592	3,134,590	30,505,182	4,035,314
1831	30,170,093	3,281,545	33,451,638	4,261,430
1832	29,427,580	3,225,944	32,653,524	4,458,990
1833	27,690,929	3,033,292	30,724,221	4,382,572
1834	27,552,170	3,112,310	30,664,480	4,084,442
1835	28,508,569	3,024,454	31,533,023	4,290,836
1836	31,740,599	3,396,163	35,136,762	4,286,438
1837	44,114,316	4,521,399	48,635,715	5,262,211
1838	44,383,675	4,904,373	49,288,048	5,312,232
1839	47,787,804	5,410,417	53,198,221	5,782,857
1840	48,896,570	5,663,943	54,560,513	6,057,795
1841	48,640,070	6,129,269	54,769,339	5,900,033

It thus appears that, while in England and Wales, and also in Ireland, the circulation of newspapers has nearly doubled in the fourteen years, in Scotland it has more than trebled. In 1841, the aggregate number of stamps supplied to the newspapers of Great Britain and Ireland was 60,759,392; the number supplied in 1827 being only 31,205,116. It is a remarkable feature in the return, that though the largest aggregate number of stamps for the whole kingdom was taken out in 1841, the last year included in the return, the number of stamps taken by the newspapers of England and Wales were fewer in 1841 by 256,500 than in the preceding year; and in Ireland, in the same period, there is also a proportionate diminution, amounting in the year to 67,762 stamps; whilst in Scotland, during the same period, there has not only been no decrease, but an actual increase of 465,346 stamps in 1841 over the year 1840. It is not easy to assign a cause for the increase in Scotland, though we are inclined to attribute it to the more universal education so long maintained in that part of the kingdom, making reading a more general want of society, and perhaps in no small measure, at this particular period, to the excitement caused throughout Scotland by the discussion and agitation of the great church question of the day—intrusion and non-intrusion—in which all classes of the people take a deep interest. We fear that the diminution of the number of stamps in England and Wales, and in Ireland, admits but of one solution—the increasing distress which is spreading through every part of those kingdoms, and especially affecting the commercial and manufacturing counties, in which, undoubtedly, the great bulk of newspaper readers is to be found.—*Manchester Guardian*.

THE PROFIT OF POLITENESS.

A movement of politeness lately was the means of saving a number of persons from imminent danger. A gentleman named J—, living in a country-house near Marseilles, had invited some ladies to pass the day with

his family. After dinner, they were all sitting on a terrace in front of the house, when, on the ladies admiring his garden, the master of the house politely asked them to descend, and choose the finest flowers. They had scarcely left the spot when a gallery attached to the upper part of the house gave way, dragging with it the house, and breaking through the terrace below. Luckily, the company had got beyond the danger.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

[It might be very well to call this the profit of politeness by way of jest; but with many it is calculated to pass as a piece of earnest, in which character it tends to perplex the reasoning power, and is therefore worthy of a note of correction. It is, indeed, in this character, a specimen of certain ideas logically false, which are passing current every day, and which it can only be good service to expose. The escape of the company was clearly a mere accident, and had nothing whatever to do with the emotion of politeness in Mr J—'s mind which dictated the movement. It is well to be polite, but such an accident as this is no recommendation to being so.]

FOOD OF AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS AND OPERATIVES IN LARGE TOWNS.

The constant exposure of agricultural labourers to the open air, with their freedom from the noxious influences of sedentary employments—late hours, and a vitiated atmosphere—produces in them a higher standard of health. Their appetites are keen, and the quantity of food they eat is often astonishing; many of the labourers of Ireland, for instance, consume ten pounds of potatoes daily, which is nearly double what the generality of town operatives would be able to eat. The function of digestion is remarkably energetic and active, so that all the nutritive matter contained in their food is extracted and employed in nourishing the body. Then the pure air which they respire completes so perfectly the sanguification of the chyle—that last and important process of assimilation—that a richer and more thoroughly vitalised blood is probably produced from their meagre diet, than is generated from the better food of a city population. Besides, in addition to the smaller and more capricious appetites of the artisans of a large town, the functions of the stomach are in them often so much impaired, and digestion is so imperfectly performed, that, if they live on a very impoverished diet, nutriment sufficient for the support of the body is not extracted from it.—*Letter of Dr Howard in Adak's Evidence of Distress in Manchester*.

NELSON'S PLAYFUL DECISION.

Lord Nelson's manner, apart from duty, was universally kind and even playful to all around him: an amusing instance of which, as well as of his extreme quickness, occurred during this cruise in the Mediterranean. One bright morning, when the ship was moving about four knots an hour through a very smooth sea, everything on board being orderly and quiet, there was a sudden cry of "a man overboard!" A midshipman named Flinn, a good draughtsman, who had been sitting on deck comfortably sketching, started at the cry, and looking over the side of the ship, saw his own servant, who was no swimmer, floundering in the sea. Before Flinn's jacket could be off, the captain of marines had thrown the man a chair through the port-hole in the ward-room, to keep him floating, and the next instant Flinn had flung himself overboard, and was swimming to the rescue. The admiral, having witnessed the whole affair from the quarter-deck, was highly delighted with the scene; and when the party, chair and all, had been hauled upon deck, he called Mr Flinn, praised his conduct, and made him lieutenant on the spot. A loud huzza from the midshipmen, whom the incident had collected on deck, and who were throwing up their hats in honour of Flinn's good fortune, arrested Lord Nelson's attention. There was something significant in the tone of their cheer which he immediately recognised; and putting up his hand for silence, and leaning over to the crowd of middies, he said, with a good-natured smile on his face, "Stop, young gentlemen. Mr Flinn has done a gallant thing to-day—and he has done many gallant things before—for which he has got his reward; but mind, I'll have no more making lieutenants for servants falling overboard."—*Memoirs of Dr Scott, Nelson's Chaplain*.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION.

A gentleman not long since took up an apple to show a niece, sixteen years of age, who had studied geography several years, something about the shape and motion of the earth. She looked at him a few minutes, and said with much earnestness, "Why, uncle, you don't mean that the earth really turns round, do you?" He replied, "But did you not learn that several years ago?" "Yes, sir," she replied, "I learned it, but I never knew it before." Now, it is obvious that this young lady had been labouring several years on the subject of geography, and groping in almost total darkness, because some kind friend did not show her at the outset, by some familiar illustration, that the earth really turned round.—*American Annals of Education*.

PUNCTUALITY.

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual persons. They impede business, and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For want of it many persons live in a constant fever, and put all about them in a fever too. To prevent the tediousness of waiting for others, carry with you some means of occupation, a Horace, a Rochefoucault, for example, books which can be read by snatches, and which afford ample materials for thinking. *The Original*.

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